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**FIVE HORSE**

**Turn Out**

**st Prices**

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**The Portman Square Conspiracy.**

The day's work over, Ernest Prosper Evans would often leave the shop in Duke Street and go for a stroll among various squares and highways from which Mr. Jarvis drew his large and fashionable clientele.

The exteriors of the vast mansions inhabited by these favored mortals filled the young hosiery with awe and wonder; and sometimes as he passed down Mount Street or through Grosvenor Square, he would catch brief glimpses of the splendours beyond.

Often he knew the address, and had waited on the male occupants. Outside a certain house in Park Lane he would murmur: "The Honourable Bruce Lamb—silk vests, a dozen at a time, and no marking but the plain initials." Outside another house in Belgrave Square it was different. Here he would say: "Lord Gargoyne, and coronets down to his dressing-gowns!"

The young hosiery took an infinite delight in these excursions and the thoughts they inspired. If he could not share in the state secrets of a rising politician, he at least knew the exact size of his collars, his taste in neckwear, and his preferences in underclothing.

Bent on his favorite relaxation, young Evans had gone North one evening to call on a certain duke whom he had served the previous afternoon. Standing against the railings of Portman Square, he looked up at the tall mansion opposite. There were lights on three of the floors, but the blinds were drawn.

He passed on with a sigh, walking in the direction of Seymour Street, where dwelt Mr. Neil, another and less potent customer. The door of one of the big houses opened as he crossed over, and a young man emerged. A pleasant light escaped from the great hall. Ernest Prosper Evans halted for a moment.

So did the young man. Then, stepping forward, he said, with a laugh: "Why, you're me! Come inside, and let's have a look at you!"

Completely taken by surprise, the young hosiery dumbly allowed himself to be conducted into the brilliant hall, where, looking at his companion, he discovered that indeed here was his other self. The likeness was remarkable.

"My name," said the young man, "but this is really more important." And he led his willing double into a spacious dining-room, whose windows overlooked the square.

Ernest Prosper Evans was in the seventh heaven as he sat at his ease; and when, in obedience to the young man's orders, a solemn butler brought them wine and cigars, he began to feel as though one day he might enter Jarvis's and order illuminated checks.

"My name," said his companion, "is Canning—the Marquis Canning. Who are you?"

"Ernest Prosper Evans, an assistant at Jarvis's, the hosiery, in Duke Street," replied our friend.

The marquis grew thoughtful. "You would come in very useful," he said, looking up once more, "at funerals and public dinners and in the Lords. And you might call on Aunt Jane. She'd never know the difference. I could lead a double life!" He sprang up gaily as he spoke. "What is your salary? I'll double it if you agree."

The young hosiery named a figure slightly in excess of fact.

"Well, I'll pay you double if you'll be the Marquis Canning whenever I command."

Evans hesitated. The proposal was very tempting. He longed to play the part; but on four hundred and funeral, public dinners, and Aunt Jane's, very much," said he; "but it's hardly feasible. I have prospects that I must not overlook."

"Name them," returned the other.

"Well, I hope some day to open out a hosiery establishment of my own."

"That's rather awkward," said the peer. "But you'll want capital?"

"Certainly," replied young Evans.

"Well, I'll give you a thousand at the end of five if you come here instead. And I'll pay your bills as well. You'll have everything the same as myself—the same clothes, the same hosiery—so there can be no mistake—or, rather, nothing but one long mistake." And the marquis smiled. "Say a thousand?" he concluded judicially.

The young hosiery hesitated.

"I'll make it two thousand. Come, four hundred a year for five years, and two thousand down at the end!" entreated the marquis.

"Couldn't do it," observed the young hosiery. "I'll want at least ten. You see, leaving the firm now will spoil my credit with the manufacturers."

"Once more the marquis looked his companion over, and then said: "A perfect double," he muttered. "Perfect! I'm hanged if I'm going to waste him!" Then, raising his voice: "You're sure you won't take three thousand to come here for those five years and play at being me?"

But young Evans only shook his head.

A week later he received a letter, stamped with the Canning coronet and cipher.

"Come round this evening," it read. "I think we can find the capital for that business of yours."

This time he was shown into a smaller room, and one more suited to an informal tete-a-tete.

"Now, look here, Evans," said the marquis, as soon as they were seated. "You've got to be me for all, for one month, free, gratis, and for nothing! And then, if you like, you

can be yourself again. I'm not going to pay you, but if you like to help yourself, there's a fortune in it."

"Explain!" said the young hosiery.

"Well, you remember when you spoke of credit the other evening, you gave me a turn. It's a subject I'm not particularly fond of. I've had too much experience of it. Sixty per cent. compound was the interest I paid; but in reality it was over a hundred."

"You have been a borrower?" asked young Evans, greatly surprised.

"Yes—before I came of age; before I got the property and the ready. I behaved like a young ass! I had a good allowance, but I asked for more. My trustees declined, and so I went to Baxter. You know Baxter, of Jermyn Street? He lends anybody with prospects as much as he likes, against a mere signature. I raised fifty thousand off him in two years, and lost most of it backing horses and buying jewellery. I'm afraid to say how much he got back; but it was a good deal over the hundred thousand, and I can't touch him."

"How does this affect me?" asked the hosiery.

The marquis smiled.

"I'll answer that question if you'll promise to come here every evening for a month, and be instructed. I've a plan."

II.

Four weeks later the two young men sat together in the same cosy room in Portman Square.

"Well, it's to be tomorrow?" said the marquis.

"Yes," said the young hosiery. "I've asked Mr. Jarvis for a day off—a wedding, my only sister's—and I'm ready."

A month of evening parties, a few days at Ascot and Kempton Park, carried out under the marquis's guidance, had put the finishing touches to his education. By a prudent avoidance of certain subjects, all carefully ticketed, he could pass as the Marquis Canning in any company.

He had taken part in a debate in the House of Lords, he had ridden in the Row, dined with Aunt Jane, and attended several funerals. The marquis, on the other hand, instructed by his accomplice, had served in Jarvis's shop, cleverly avoiding recognition by such of his acquaintances as patronized it; had made up accounts, measured numerous customers for shirts, and invented a new shape in scarves.

"You're all right now!" said the marquis one evening, when they were discussing matters over their cigars. "There's the opera for you to go to tonight; and, mind, I detest Wagner, and don't forget to say so if anybody asks you. And clear of old Lady Malet later on. She's trying hard to land me with that girl of hers, and if you give her half a chance I'm cornered."

"I shall stick to Aunt Jane," said the young hosiery with a grin.

"I'm off to the Empire," said the marquis, making for the hall.

The next day, at three o'clock precisely, Ernest Prosper Evans left the house in Portman Square, hailed a cab, and was shortly afterwards to be seen driving down Jermyn Street, in dangerous proximity to his place of business. Arrived at Mr. Baxter's office, he gaily entered, announced himself as the Marquis Canning, and was reverently conducted into the presence of the great Baxter himself.

"Good-afternoon, my lord," said Baxter, a plump Scotsman, with sandy hair, small eyes, and a discordantly cheerful manner. "It's some time since I've seen your lordship."

"I can't say I've missed you," said young Evans.

"No; people generally don't, feel it comes to a peach," said the Scot. "Now, what do I do for you this time? How much is it to be?"

"Thirty thousand—in fact, twenty would be enough."

Mr. Baxter desisted the smaller figure. The marquis was safe, and the bigger the loan the bigger his profits.

"Say forty, if you like," he said, with a tempting prolongation of the numeral.

Young Evans hesitated, smiled.

"Well, if you will have it so," he agreed.

Thereupon the jubilant Baxter went out of the office and instructed his clerk to prepare the usual documents.

"I wish I had said fifty!" reflected young Evans.

Baxter, papers in hand, was back before very long.

"You will sign these," he said, hovering over his victim like a bird of prey. "You can read it afterwards"—as the young hosiery delayed.

Evans signed "Canning" with a flourish.

"It's a wee bit firmer than it used to be," said Baxter, stooping over the signature.

"Age, my dear boy," returned Evans. "And now for the coin—an open cheque or notes will do."

"Going racing?" asked Baxter.

"A little."

The money-lender gave a small sigh of relief.

"Plunging!" he said. "Plunging!" he repeated to himself as he wrote out the cheque. "Well, he'll be here again before very long, and he can have all he likes up to a hundred thousand."

The young hosiery pocketed the cheque, drew on his gloves, and lit a cigarette.

"I got Ananias this morning—straight from the stable," he said. "It's a dead cert. Shall I put a bit on for you?"

"I'd sooner back your lordship," replied Baxter.

Whereupon the young hosiery bowed, and with a smiling "good-afternoon" closed the transaction. He made straight for Baxter's bank, and obtained notes in exchange for the cheque.

**FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN**

**THE COW PASTURE.**

Not every dairyman can so arrange his business as to adopt all at once the practice of soiling, which is the growing of special crops for the feeding of his cows kept in stalls and stables. This improved method of feeding cows must be grown up to from a small beginning at first, until the full practice is possible. But at the very beginning of it, it may be turned to great advantage. For the beginning of it is to get the very best pasture possible, on to which the cows may be turned as a rest and change of feed, on which the fullest product of milk of the best kind may be secured. The pasture is the main dependence in case of accident; it is the life-boast to which the cows may be turned in case of accident, and yet may never be needed.

A pasture should be first and last and all the time, a feeding place for the cows in which they may be supplied with a full feed of the very best milk-making food; and this without the labor of expending the strength derived from the food in the mere gathering of it. A fairly good pasture for cows should be such as the cows may rest on seven-eighths of the time; taking one hour, out of eight in the mere act of feeding. The rest of the time will be devoted to resting, chewing the cud and making milk. Thus the first thing after, or it may be justly considered before the quality of the grass, should be the shade, under which the cows may rest.

It is the grass which makes the pasture. The best grass can only be made on an old field. It requires many years to grow grass fit for pasture. But when it is once made, if it is skillfully used, it may be made better each year for many years. Indeed, there are always some special fields which may be made most profitable for this use, and when any such field may offer itself for any good reason, for a permanent pasture, it should be made the best of its kind by due preparation at first, and constant preparation afterwards. A good pasture cannot be made in one year. It must undergo a thorough course of preparation for the use it is put to. If it is apt to be wet and to hold water, it should be thoroughly drained. One of the first things to be done is to get rid of the water, if possible, otherwise from some source to be led into the fields, where it may be permanent. The next is that it should be dry otherwise. The soil should be neither too heavy, a loam tending to clay is the best, nor too light, the most satisfactory in every way if it is as nearly level as may be. Grass refuses to grow, as a rule, on dry knolls, unless the most careful treatment is given to these easily watered pastures. So that for a permanent pasture the surface should be as nearly level as possible.

There should be a preparatory course of culture to fit land of any kind, even of the best, for pasture. It should be deeply ploughed, not all at once, but for each of the preparatory crops, taken with the belief of fitting the land for the purpose. The first crop should be roots, potatoes, or beets, chosen as the preliminary culture for the deep ploughing of the land will destroy weeds and deepen the soil. Artificial fertilizers should be used for these crops, and through the whole course of work ordinary manure should be avoided for the reason that it will never be free enough of weeds to meet the necessities of the case. After the root crop has come winter grain, of which rye is to be chosen first. With this, in the spring, clover should be sown, and the next year be made into hay or turned under for manure late in the season when the seed will be ripe. The land should be worked over with the broad toothed cultivator as often as may be needed to destroy any weeds that may appear, and so the land will be brought into such a favorable texture, and condition otherwise as to be ready for seeding the next spring. It should then be sown with barley, which for several reasons is the best seeding nurse-crop. Two bushels of seed to the acre of this grain should be sown and worked in with a broad toothed cultivator. This will finally bring the surface into an excellent condition for the grass seed.

The seed is very important. The design is to have grass that will occupy the ground for several years, if not many. For what is wanted is to get the pay for all this work in liberal proportions, returned in a meadow which will be profitable for several, if not many years. Several kinds of grass are thus desirable. Some of these will last but a short time, but the object in using any one to have the ground fully occupied from the first, and then as these temporary kinds run out, the other kinds which increase from their roots, and make a close sod, fill the vacancies, and fully cover the ground. These permanent kinds of grass are blue grass, creeping meadow grass, foxtail grass, yellow oat grass, orchard grass, hard fescue grass, tall meadow fescue, meadow fescue, and timothy, of each three pounds; or perennial rye grass four pounds, red clover four pounds, white and Alsike clover three pounds, per acre. Some of these varieties will grow at first more luxuriantly than others, but may soon disappear when the others, more robust, and of permanent rooting habit, will remain to occupy the land for a number of years, during, or after which some artificial fertilizers with fresh seed, and a fall harrowing will help to restore any failure.

**THE WEEDER AND IRON RAKE.**

What the use of the iron-toothed rake in the garden is, is the use of the weeder in large fields. It is an iron-toothed rake of a different pattern drawn by a horse, or two horses. It kills the weeds whose seeds have sprouted near the surface, and does not injure the crop whose seeds were put an inch or more deep, and both have their uses even before the crop comes up, when the rain or other cause has made the surface of the ground bake to a hard crust. To loosen this and make it fine not only enables the young plants to come up quicker and with less energy, but it makes the surface soil and earth much to absorb moisture from the atmosphere and conserve that which is beneath, and draw it up from below the point where plant roots can reach it. We have read of mushroom growing out of an oak from an acorn dropped in a crevice of a rock can move heavy masses of stone and earth as it grows. At our experiment station they demonstrated that the growth of a squash could lift many tons, and have the head of mushrooms raising paving-stones, but we have not yet learned that in either case the growth which had such obstacles to contend against was any better or larger because of being so confined or limited. Just so young plants may break through and lift up the crust of rain-beaten and sun-baked soil, but we do not think they grow any better or even as well for having to do this. So we say break up the surface soil and keep it fine with the weeder in large fields, and with the iron tooth rake in the garden, and we think it will promote a more rapid and stronger growth of the plants. The lighter harrow with small, sharp teeth has proven a good substitute for the weeder when it was not at hand.

**ELECTRIC BURGLARS NOW.**

**Robbers Are Now Men of Science, and Know All About Heat and Metals.**

Jimmies, crowbars, and skeleton keys are out of date. They may do for the old-fashioned burglar who robs the country parsonage, but the up-to-date criminal knows a trick worth several of these out-of-date, noisy implements.

The burglar of to-day takes a course of lessons in chemistry, and knows as much as an engineer of the properties of heat and the resistance of metals.

When the Tottenham (England) Court Road Post Office officials found their safe open, and minus its contents one morning last spring, they wondered what on earth had done the damage. There was a great hole in it, which appeared to have been melted, though what could have melted chilled steel no one could at first imagine.

At last it was discovered that a blowpipe flame must have been used. The thief had been armed with a tube of rubber tubing, a blowpipe, and a small cylinder of oxygen, a gas which has the property of doubling the heat of a flame. Fitting the tube on to the nearest gas-burner, the oxygen was connected, and the blowpipe flame directed upon the metal, which ran like water under the terrific heat of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

This is only one of many recent instances of science used in crime. A wholesale tobacco shop in a Northern town recently lost \$4,000 from its safe, which, from its thickness, was supposed to be entirely burglar-proof. The thieves had fused a hole by the use of the electric light wires.

Vienna suffered severely one day last March from a gang of criminal electricians. These cut the electric light wires during a snowstorm, causing them to fall upon the tram-car lines, which so became charged with electricity, and most dangerous. Every horse that touched them with its iron-shod hoofs fell. Then, when the frightened occupants of cab and carriages came scrambling about the thieves, under the pretence of assisting them, picked their pockets. The whole gang were provided with rubber-soled shoes, to save them from any danger through stepping on live wires.

When the strong-room of the Gibson banking in Glasgow was robbed, it was a puzzle to the owners and police how on earth the burglars could have known where to commence operations. The latter had taken a house next door, pulled the bricks away and then bored the boiler-plate casing exactly behind where the safe stood. They had blasted open the safe with a tiny charge of fulminate, and got safe away with \$8,500 worth of gold coin and jewellery.

When a year later, Peter Baker, better known as "the Smiler," was caught in Hull, England, and sent up for five years, he confessed that he and his gang had ascertained the location of the Gibson safe, as well as having made several other similar discoveries, by the use of an X-ray apparatus.

That some criminals are mechanics of a very high order is proved by a crime relic now in the possession of a retired police-officer. It is a safe—or, rather, an imitation safe—made entirely of cork, and so light that one man can lift it. Although, when set up, it forms a perfect imitation of the genuine article, with every detail complete, yet it can be folded and carried in an ordinary portmanteau.

Its maker was not a burglar, but a sham insurance agent. His method of operation was to hire an office in some big block of buildings, install his safe to give the place a business-like appearance, and then, after duping as many victims as possible in a week, steal away, safe and all, leaving no trace behind.

Even the drugged cigar has now given place to more scientific methods. The thieves who robbed Lady Marriner in the Paris express last summer in possession of a chemical laboratory in which they had conducted elaborate experiments. Lady Marriner, it may be remembered, admired the lovely flowers which a woman in the same compartment carried. The latter presented her with the bouquet to smell, and that was the last victim remembered for an hour or more. What the subtle poison that had been sprinkled on the flowers was composed of has never been discovered.

**BRITISH LOOT AT PEKIN.**

**Sir Claude Macdonald's Defence Of English Troops.**

The North China Daily News of Shanghai, says that five classes of actions by the allies after the siege of Peking, which so became charged to the rules adopted at The Hague conference. It enumerates them as follows:

First—The atrocities committed by the Russian troops.

Second—The military expeditions organized by various Powers.

Third—The armed support given to adjust the claims of Catholic Christians by the French authorities or, at all events, by French troops.

Fourth—The looting of the Peking Observatory.

Fifth—The charity from loot practised by some American and British missionaries.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Ambassador, on April 13 last, departed from the usual diplomatic procedure and wrote to the Kobe Chronicle in Japan a spirited denial that "wanton, cruel and indiscriminate looting" had been practised by the British troops. He said: "The empty houses and palaces were converted into quarters and a military hospital for the troops who were constantly walking or riding through the streets and that the prize fund has been expended in buying rice for the starving poor in Peking during the winter months."

Sir Claude said in his letter that he was constantly walking or riding through the streets and that the prize fund has been expended in buying rice for the starving poor in Peking during the winter months."

The British troops had these orders: "Nothing is to be burned, destroyed or looted without orders. The news from the Peking Observatory, amounting to the amount handed in by British search parties: Treasure (Government).....\$140,000 Silk (Government)..... 130,000 Sundries..... 60,000 Total.....\$330,000

"This," the News says, "divided up, yielded only \$27 a share, and shows that the principles of the standing orders were the practice of the force."

**WHAT PAPA SAID TO RICHARD.**

Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened, and a woman stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eye. Did you see papa, Richard? she asked, with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

Yes, dearest, he said, at length. And what did he say, Richard? Tell me what he said! He refused you? Oh! your eyes tell me! He refused, he will not give me to you? But I will be—I am yours—I do not fear his harshness—we will fly!

But Richard looked down into her pleading face and shook his head slowly, like a man in a dream.

Tell me, then, for I cannot wait! Was he brutal, and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say? Richard drew a long, deep breath, and again looked down at the face turned up to meet his troubled glance. He sighed and whispered slowly: "Thank Heaven! and went on reading."

**A DAINY PANTRY.**

Upon moving into a new house the young hosiery had to do away with paper on the pantry shelves. It conceals crumbs and all sorts of insects, harbors roaches, gets tangled and worn and is a nuisance. The new pantry has a large window, it was stained and varnished in light tones and had a painted floor. Before the workmen carried away their paint pots I had all the shelves, high and low, the insides of the drawers and doors and the plastered walls treated to two coats of dazzling white paint. When that hardened I went over it with two coats of enamel. It is wonderfully easy to keep clean and it costs very little.